Elegy: In Summer

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ELEGY: IN SUMMER

The day Diddy sledge-hammered the freed sow
was a festive day for the people
Betwixt the rock throwin' and the potato salad
I was at a loss for hands
to catch the hint of hurled gravel
and the 'don'ts' from all the elders
bent on Barbeque and basking tots
who helped themselves, alone
to the bones and butts and boring beer cans.

Yeah, a party
while the people came and went
to tunes of "Sauce and turn the ribs!"
and "Try the slaw" we'll leave the time we
lent to mourning,
Seize the spirits! It's a new day

And a night that came like walking slow
through shallow forms of evening
past the fields and pens and pit
to bring the day within the crackle
of a knotted chunk of wood
Amidst the din of "this 'n' that"
Its laughter stitched with sound
the silent moments
left, like settling ashes
as night slept out til dawn
and love if felt where there was none.

/Cynthia Sharber/